living, Nadelman made statues for him. These are the ones that are being exhibited now, together with numerous preparatory sketches. Nadelman draws with a compass and sculps by assembling rhombs. He has discovered that each curve of the human body is accompanied by a reciprocal curve opposite it and corresponding to it The harmony that results from these balances resembles a theorem* The most amazing thing is that he nevertheless works from a model. He is young and has time to return to nature. But I am frightened by an artist who starts from the simple; I fear that he will end up, not with the complex, but with the complicated.

Nadelman went through six years of dire poverty; isolated in his den, he seemed to live on plaster; Balzac might have invented "him, I find him yesterday, in a little blue suit he is doubtless wearing for the first time, talking with a very vulgar and very ugly woman whom he introduces: it is Mme X. She says, pointing to the rhomboidal back of one of the statues:

'That, at least, is living! It's not like their Venus de Milo! What do I care whether she's beautiful or not? That, at least, is a real woman! It's living!" And there is precisely no epithet less applicable to Nadelman's art —which is still only a technique, and rudimentary at that. Most likely Stein likes it because it can be grasped without effort. Stein is the American collector, a great buyer of Matisses, Nadelman's exhibit has hardly opened, but he has already bought two thirds or three fourths of the drawings; at what price? I don't know this; but in the office of the gallery I witness this little *genre* scene: Druet takes out from under a table a plaster head, or at least the outline of a head, without eyes, nose, or mouth; in short, about as well formed as a baby chick on the third day the hen has been setting.

"How much do you want for it?'*

"What! You are exhibiting it?" (I can understand the surprise; even in our era that unformed thing is not exhibitable.)

"No," says Druet; *I am keeping it in reserve; I don't want to be caught short/'

nVell, I don't know . . .*

"Make up your mind. Ill act as the auctioneer. . * . Come on, now: one! two! three! . * ”

'Two hundred francs!"

"Oh, it's too much! it's too much!" says Druet, taken aback that the other has entered so well into the spirit of his role. And Nadelman in turn:

*Well then, set a figure yourself. Gome on: one!

twol . . .*

**A hundred francs! That is enough.*

And Druet leaves with the head.